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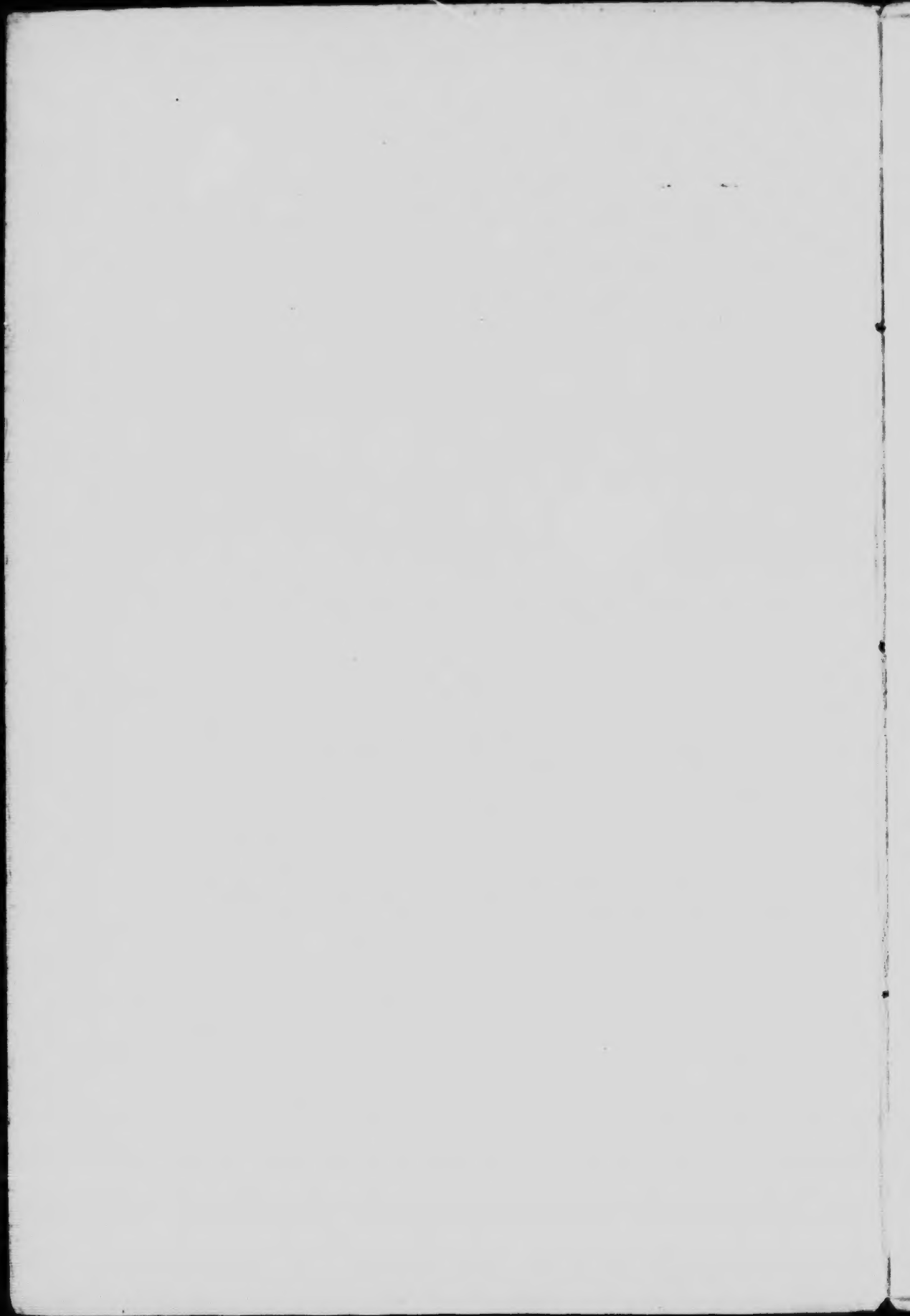
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The
Mendelssohn
Choir
of Toronto



A.S. VOGT, Conductor.

WEDNESDAY *and*
THURSDAY EVENINGS
February 8 *and* 9
1911



SEASON 1910-11

The
Mendelssohn Choir

OF TORONTO

A. S. VOGT, CONDUCTOR

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

The
Theodore Thomas Orchestra

FREDERICK STOCK, CONDUCTOR

ANNUAL CONCERTS

MASSEY MUSIC HALL

Monday, February 6th

Wednesday, February 8th

Tuesday, February 7th

Thursday, February 9th

SOLOISTS

TUESDAY EVENING

MISS FLORENCE HINCKLE
Soprano

MISS JANET SPENCER
Mezzo-Soprano

MR. GEORGE HAMLIN
Tenor

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
Bass

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY
EVENINGS

MRS. CHAPMAN-GOOLD
Soprano

MME. SHARP-HERDIEN
Soprano

MR. GEORGE HAMLIN
Tenor

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON
Bass

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

MR. BRUNO STEINDEL
'Cellist

The Mendelssohn Choir

OF TORONTO

A. S. VOGT, CONDUCTOR

PATRON

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL

PATRONESSES

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MRS. J. HERBERT MASON	LADY WALKER

HONORARY PRESIDENT

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TREASURER

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DR. T. ALEXANDER DAVIES		

ACCOMPANISTS

MISS JESSIE PERRY	MISS ADA J. F. TWOHY
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The Theodore Thomas Orchestra

FREDERICK STOCK, Conductor



FREDERICK WESSELS, MANAGER

Twentieth Season: 1910-1911

FIRST VIOLINS

LETZ, H., Principal
KORTSCHAK, H.
ZUKOWSKY, A.
KRAUSS, A.
SEIDEL, R.
RUINEN, J.
MARX, L.
CULP, S.
VAN DER VOORT, A.
NURNBERGER, L.
ROEHRBORN, O.
ITTE, F.
MANGOLD, R.
BRAUN, H.

SECOND VIOLINS

HILLMANN, C., Principal
SILBERSTEIN, J.
BARKER, O.
WOOLLETT, W.
NOVAK, L.
SINGER, W.
BUSSE, A.
ULRICH, A.
WOELFEL, P.
BICHL, J.
MEINKEN, C.
DU MOULIN, G.
FITZEK, R.
FITZEK, J.

VIOLAS

ESSER, F., Principal
DASCH, G.
MEYER, G.
NURNBERGER, H.
SCHROETER, R.
HESSELBACH, O.
MITTELSTAEDT, F.
STROBACH, C.
VOLK, F.
ANDAUER, E.

VIOLONCELLOS

STEINDEL, B., Principal
UNGER, W.
BRUECKNER, C.
AMBROSIUS, R.
CORELL, L.
FELBER, H.
KLAMMSTEINER, C.
HEINICKEL, A.

BASSES

JISKRA, V., Principal
KLEMM, L.
PARBS, H.
WOLF, O.
MAEDLER, R.
SPECKIN, W.
FRIEDRICH, O.
SAUTER, C.
OTTE, F.

HARPS

TRAMONTI, E.
SINGER, W.

FLUTES

QUENSEL, A.
BAUMBACH, C.

PICCOLOS

FURMAN, J.
SCHROETER, R.

OBOES

BARTHEL, A.
STIEGELMAYER, K.
HESSELBACH, O.

ENGLISH HORN

STARKE, F.

CLARINETS

SCHREURS, J.
HOFFMEESTER, T.
BUSSE, A.
PARBS, H.

BASS CLARINET

MEYER, C.

BASSOONS

KRUSE, P.
RABE, H.
FRIEDRICH, L.

CONTRA BASSOONS

FRIEDRICH, O.

HORNS

de MARE, L.
POTTAG, M.
FRANK, W.
ALBRECHT, C.

TRUMPETS

SCHUBERT, O.
HANDKE, P.

CORNETS

ULRICH, A.
FELBER, H.

BASS CORNET

ANDAUER, E.

TROMBONES

STANGE, J.
ZELLER, H.
NICOLA, J.

BASS TUBA

OTTE, F.

TIMPANI

ZETTELMAHN, J.

PERCUSSIONS

WINTRICH, M.
WAGNER, E.
MITTELSTAEDT
STROBACH, C.

LIBRARIAN

McNICOL, T.

Members of the Chorus

FIRST CHOIR

SOPRANOS

Armour, Miss Ethel
Barber, Miss A. V.
Barrett, Mrs. Wallace
Beer, Miss Emma
Burt, Miss Muriel
Cartan, Miss Pauline
Chalmers, Miss Mary
Charters, Miss M.
Collett, Miss Ethel
Cringan, Miss Jennie
Davis, Miss Florence]M.
Dickson, Miss Edith
Doughty, Miss Barbara
Elliott, Miss Charlotte
Elliott, Miss Ruth

Eastwood, Miss W. E.
Fudger, Miss Martha
Fulton, Miss Agnes
Gale, Miss Nina
Gallanough, Mrs. F. J.
Gartshore, Miss Helen
Haig, Mrs. D. C.
Hewitt, Mrs. W. P.
Hinckley, Miss May
Homuth, Miss Laura
Howard, Miss Kathleen
Huston, Miss A. L.
Jackson, Miss E. Muriel
Jakeway, Mrs. H. W.
Kelly, Miss G. M.

Lawrence, Miss Winnifred
Little, Mrs. F. Hutchings
Mouré, Mrs. F. A.
Parker, Miss Annie
Parker, Mrs. H. W.
Self, Miss Dora F.
Spencer, Miss Florence
Stewart, Mrs. R. Lorne
Stutchbury, Miss Katrine
Switzer, Miss Olive B.
Warde, Mrs. J. D.
Williams, Miss J. E.
Wilson, Mrs. G. T.
Winters, Miss J. E.

ALTOS

Archibald, Mrs. W. J.
Baxter, Miss S. M.
Charlebois, Miss C.
Donovan, Miss Alice
Dunlop, Miss Agnes
Dunstan, Miss M. J.
Fairclough, Mrs. W. E.
Fudger, Miss Hannah
Grigg, Miss Annie E.

Holdcroft, Miss Laura
Leslie, Mrs. C. H.
MacGregor, Mrs. Alex.
MacLachlan, Miss Jessie
Magson, Miss May
Miller, Miss Eleanor
Neilson, Miss Christine
O'Donoghue, Miss Kate
Pendrith, Miss Ruby

Pickering, Miss Eva
Santon, Miss Pearl
Service, Miss Edith
Shuttleworth, Miss G.
Streatfeild, Miss Josephine
Turner, Miss Isabel
Whitney, Mrs. W. C.
Williams, Miss M. E.
Williams, Miss Gwendolan

TENORS

Almond, Richard
Beatty, F. R.
Binns, Harry
Bradley, Bruce G.
Bramfitt, G. N.
Burns, Bruce
Chambers, Harry
Cringan, A. T.
Crowson, D.
Cusack, Herbert

David, Albert E.
Funston, Frederick
Garrett, Wm. A.
Harrison, Ramsden
Hoag, Robert
Hounsom, J. E.
Johnston, Joseph
Lawrence, W. J.
Lautz, H. J.
Love, Robert B.

MacKinnon, J. G.
O'Connor, W. S.
Owen, E. Wynne
Plant, F. L.
Self, Wm. G.
Sheppard, Geo. H.
Staples, Owen P.
Sturtridge, R.
Weaver, G. W.

BASSES

Borthwick, MacLean
Brown, W. E.
Bruce, E. W.
Burton, Geo. F.
Clark, Dr. Harold
Costello, J. B.
Davies, Dr. T. Alex.
Dorland, Oliver B.
Evans, J. T.

Gray, R. A. L.
Halford, C. J.
Kirby, R. G.
Leslie, Chas. H.
MacKelcan, F. R.
McCaughy, S. G.
Peace, W. B.
Reed, T. A.
Richardson, J. D.

Rooke, Chas. H.
Rooke, Harry
Stevenson, J. M.
Strong, Herbert, J.
Taylor, A. N.
Thomson, H. P.
Turvey, Geo.
Woodhouse, Cuthbert

Members of the Chorus

SECOND CHOIR

SOPRANOS

Atkinson, Miss G. K.
Baker, Miss Evelyn, M.
Cameron, Miss K. L.
Falvey, Mrs. S. L.
Greenwood, Miss Dorothy
Hodgson, Miss M. C.
Lawson, Miss Jennie
Lofgren, Miss M. B.
Maxwell, Miss Daisy
Maxwell, Mrs. L. A.

Miller, Miss Martha D.
O'Donoghue, Miss Evaleen
Orton, Miss Estelle M.
Plant, Mrs. W. H.
Ratcliff, Miss Estella
Ratcliff, Miss Marjorie
Redhouse, Miss Hilda
Richardson, Miss Ethel
Roger, Miss Maud
Self, Miss Dale

Slonstone, Miss Nora A.
Southall, Miss Ethel
Spencer, Miss Leanne
Spencer, Miss Frieda
Stockwell, Miss Jay G.
Switzer, Miss Ethel
Twohy, Miss Ada J. P.
Williams, Miss Gwladys P.
Winchester, Mrs. E. C.

ALTOS

Baird, Miss Ethel
Boynes, Miss Jennie
Breckenridge, Miss C.
Golding, Mrs. W. D.
Gordon, Miss Maud
Gorsline, Miss Maud
Graham, Miss Margaret
Henderson, Mrs. T. W.

Huntley, Miss F. M.
Hutt, Miss Blanche M.
Kirby, Miss Lillian M.
Long, Miss Gladys
Lugsdin, Miss Winifred E.
MacKelcan, Mrs. Frank
Munn, Miss May H.
McCarthy, Mrs. Leighton

O'Donoghue, Miss M.
Phillips, Mrs. Herbert H.
Ronald, Miss Daisy E.
Sawtell, Miss Muriel
Seldon, Miss Gertrude
Shand, Miss Lillian
Vogt, Mrs. A. S.

TENORS

Brown, James S.
Carder, Frank L.
Clotworthy, G. H.
Edwards, Otto R.
Gorrie, Robert
Hoegg, D. W.
Hutchison, A. W.

Loudon, J. S.
Love, A. R.
Manson, James
Mason, T. H.
McLean, Allen C.
Middleton, J. E.
Parkes, G. H.

Pearson, Bruce W.
Proctor, W. H.
Sampson, Harold M.
Smart, Chas. H.
Tattersall, Richard
Thompson, J. A.
Tugwell, Arthur

BASSES

Atkinson, A. A.
Bishop, Roy H.
Bond, F. W.
Boynton, H. S.
Buckland, E.
Caldwell, D. E.
Darby, John
Davies, A. L. E.
Doherty, Robt.

Farquharson, Geo. R.
Gray, Alex.
Gray, Donald
Gray, J. Wilson
Gray, Wm.
Green, Edward
Haig, D. C.
Holroyd, J.
Hungerford, W. H.

Hutcheson, H. F.
Linden, Donald
McCammon, L. B.
Plant, W. H.
Scott, J. R. S.
Sparks, Walter
Tisdale, F. W.
Tye, Cameron
Woods, Wm. P.

Members of the Children's Chorus

Aikenhead, Winnifred
Alexander, Mabel
Allen, Alma B.
Anderson, Albert
Anderson, Elsie
Armstrong, Dorothea
Ashley, Lillian

Babcock, Harold
Baxter, Alberta
Baxter, Grace
Bell, Anna E.
Bellinger, Cyril E.
Bellinger, Florence W.
Benness, Olive
Bishop, Doris M.
Bishop, Gladys H.
Black, Lillian M.
Borthwick, Jessie
Boulter, James
Bowen, Wm. J.
Bowker, Bertram A.
Bowman, Flora J.
Bowman, Gertrude
Bradshaw, Minetta
Bragg, Marjory
Brayley, Bert
Breed, Margaret E.
Breen, Francis E.
Breen, Joseph M.
Britt, Phyllis
Brown, Chas. L.
Brown, Wm. V.
Bruce, Beatrice
Bryan, Irene E.
Bryson, Bertha
Buchanan, Anderson
Buchanan, Margaret
Burkholder, Orville

Cahoon, Hazel
Cameron, Mabel
Campbell, Jessie M.
Campbell, Pearl
Cassels, Esther
Charlebois, Evelyn
Charlebois, Florence
Charles, Kathleen F.
Chelaw, Clifford
Cheswick, Ira
Clark, N. Evelyn
Clark, Philip T.
Clarke, Geo.
Coburn, John W.
Cole, Daisy A.
Cole, Monty
Coles, Kathleen
Collett, Agnes
Collins, Laura G.
Colwell, Cecile
Colwell, Lillian
Conlin, Marjorie
Cormack, Mabel L.
Courtney, Elsie
Coutts, Kathleen
Crang, Myrtle A.
Cringan, Annie C.
Cringan, Helen M.
Cringan, Isobel M.
Cummer, Neta

Cummer, Olive
Curtis, Frank Warren

Dalley, Mary A.
David, Richard R.
Davidson, Frances
Davidson, Margaret
Davies, Myra E.
Dearle, Sidney
Dimock, Isabel
Doherty, Bertie
Doherty, Harvey
Douglass, A. Dorothy
Dowdell, Gordon
Duff, Jessie
DuMaresq, Earl
Dunlop, Florence R.
Dunn, Marion L.
Dunning, Muriel I.

Earsman, Robin A.
Edwards, Bernice
Elder, Alex.
Evans, Rennie M.
Everett, Geraldine A.
Everist, Wilfred

Fairclough, Arthur
Faithfull, Grace
Fensom, Muriel B.
Ferris, Gladys
Fletcher, Frank
Foley, Eva A.
Fraser, Libbie W.
Fraser, Merriam Faith

Gale, Crossley
Galloway, Eva I.
Gartshore, Sydney
Gilchrist, M. Isabel
Gribble, Allen
Groh, Earl P.

Hachborn, Robt.
Hagerman, Viola M.
Hall, Laura W.
Harwood, Hazel M.
Heakes, Annis
Hedges, Marjorie
Henderson, Ada L.
Hendry, Lillian G.
Henry, Ruth
Hewlett, Bessie
Hiles, E. Gwendolyn
Hill, Basil
Hiott, Elsie
Hoidge, Lillian M.
Hollinger, Irene
Holme, Marjorie
Holmes, Mabel G.
Howarth, Charles M.
Howse, Fred
Hozach, Florence J.
Hudson, Myra
Humphrey, Ruth B.
Hunter, Bella
Hurling, Harry
Hyfield, Elsie

Isard, Edwin Orville
Isard, May

Jay, Willie
Jinks, Irene
Johnston, Mildred
Jolliffe, Dorothy G.
Jordan, Chas. C.
Joyce, Simeon

Kay, Jessie L.
Keachie, M. M.
Keeler, Jno. W.
Kilby, Gladys
Kirby, Richd. G., Junr.

Lake, Hattie F.
Lankin, Irene M.
Lapp, Hazel Irene
Lawrence, Edith E.
Lawson, Ethel M.
Lawson, Hugh H.
Lee, Edith E.
Lee, Nairne
Lister, Elma
Loggie, Roy
Lomax, Muriel A.
Lord, Marguerite A.
Lund, Hilda
Lunness, Chas. J.

Macdonald, Marjorie
Macdonald, Presto
Macdonald, Una
MacFadden, Ray
Mackey, Jean
MacMartin, Muriel
MacNab, Bernadette
Manson, Nettie E.
Marsh, Allison E.
Marshall, Jean
Martin, Annie Aitken
Meredith, Winifred G.
Monkman, Laurie
Montgomery, Gladys E.

McBride, Lillian
McCoy, Margaret H. S.
McCracken, Clara
McDonald, Irene
McDonald, Sadie
McGann, Eileen
McKay, Evans A.
McKibbin, Evelyn
McKinnon, Bruce
McLean, Mabel G.

Nash, Harold
Nelson, Norma Estelle
Norris, Lavelle
Norris, Wm.

Organ, Florence

Parker, Mabel O.
Parliament, Meta
Paton, Kathryn
Paull, Victoria
Perkins, Helen R. B.
Phillips, Dorothy A.
Plant, Victor G.
Pollard, Edward
Powell, Agnes

Qua, Amelia M.
Qua, Isabel
Quesnel, Marion
Quinton, Elsie

Randall, Lillian
Reed, Lillie
Reid, Dorothea
Reid, Kathleen
Robbins, Violet I.
Roberts, Naomi
Robinson, Irene
Robinson, Muriel M.
Robinson, Wallace
Roedding, Aura M.
Rooke, Marjorie E.
Ross, Gertrude
Ross, Jessie W.
Russell, Olivia
Ryan, Geraldine

Sarge, Alfred Robert
Sawyer, Wm. G.
Self, Mary H.
Senior, Mabel R.
Shaver, Dorothy B.
Smith, Edith
Smith, Harold M.
Sneath, F. Herbert
Snider, Dorothea M.
Sowry, Dorothy
Sparrow, Catherine
Spence, Katie
Spencer, Doris
Stanbury, Freda M.
Stewart, Myrtle
Stinson, Olive M.
Strauss, Edna
St. Clair, Norma
Sutton, Annie A.
Sword, Jean

Thomson, Irene
Thomson, Jessie
Thorne, Rita
Tighe, Dorothy
Topp, Reg. J.
Trelford, Eileen
Tristram, Shirley M.

Umbach, Cora

Vokes, Alma M.

Walters, Gladys M.
Ward, Mary W.
Webster, Harold
Whalley, Bertie
Wighton, Helena
Wilding, Tom
Wilkinson, Kathleen
Wilson, Eva
Wingate, Edith F.
Winning, Edith
Winslow, Gladys
Winter, Freda
Woodhouse, Minnie
Woodland, Dorothy G.
Wyse, Francis O.

Young, Olga

The Children's Crusade - Gabriel Pierné

A MUSICAL LEGEND IN FOUR PARTS.

*Adapted from the poem by Marcel Schwob; English translation by
Henry Grafton Chapman.*

PART I.—THE FORTHSETTING
PART III.—THE SEA

PART II.—THE HIGHWAY
PART IV.—THE SAVIOUR IN THE STORM

CHARACTERS.

<i>Allys</i>	}	- - -	MME. CHAPMAN-GOOLD	- - -	<i>Soprano</i>
<i>A Mother</i>					
<i>Alain</i>	- - -	MME MABEL SHARP-HERDIEN	- - -	<i>Soprano</i>	
<i>The Narrator</i>	- - -	MR. GEORGE HAMLIN	- - -	<i>Tenor</i>	
<i>An Old Sailor</i>	}	MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON	- - -	<i>Bass</i>	
<i>The Voice from on High</i>					
<i>Mystic Voices</i>	-	EIGHT WOMEN FROM THE CHORUS	- - -	{ 4 <i>Sopranos</i> 4 <i>Altos</i>	
<i>Chorus of Children. Choruses of Men and Women.</i>					
<i>Associate Conductor of Children's Chorus</i>	- - -	MR. A. L. E. DAVIES			

THE City of Paris offers, every three years, a special prize for the musical composition which shall be adjudged most worthy by the committee appointed for that purpose.

In 1904 "The Children's Crusade" by Gabriel Pierné was awarded this prize and the work was performed for the first time at the Concerts du Châtelet under the direction of M. Edouard Colonne, on January 18th, 1905. The Paris performance was given by a chorus of 200 children, 200 adults and a large orchestra.

Gabriel Pierné was born at Metz on August 16th, 1863. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire, first as a student of the organ and the piano, but later turned his attention to composition. He received the first prize as pianist in 1879, the first prize for fugue in 1881, and in 1882 the first prize as organist, gaining also the Grand Prix de Rome which entitled him to three years' study abroad. The greater part of this time was spent at the Academy in Rome maintained there by the French Government for study in music, painting, sculpture, engraving and architecture. In 1910 M. Pierné succeeded the late M. Colonne as conductor of the magnificent Parisian orchestra bearing the latter's name.

"The Children's Crusade" was first performed in Toronto at these Concerts on the second and third of February last year. Owing to the unprecedented demand for its repetition, it has been again included in this season's programmes.

ARGUMENT

Between the Albigensian heretics of Middle France and the Saracens in Spain, it was no wonder that the Christian nations found it difficult in the thirteenth century to succour the Christians of Palestine, and although many attempts were made, the poor Faithful still languished in Palestine. And who was to help them? One chronicler tells us that there arose the sweet, the piteous, the thoughtless, valiant cry of 50,000 boys and girls: "Lord Jesus, restore to us Thy Holy Cross! We are going to Jerusalem to deliver the Sepulchre of our Saviour!" Many of the clergy supported the movement and the laity in large numbers accepted the touching fervour of the children as a sign from heaven.

This wonderful Army of Innocents marched in two bodies, the one from Germany over the Alps to the Adriatic ports, the other from the environs of Paris, to Marseilles. Parents struggled to keep their children at home, but bolts and bars and blows could not daunt the ardor of the little soldiers. Seven thousand of them poured into Genoa, en route, to the consternation of the city authorities at having to provide for such a number. Eventually they embarked on seven ships, but after two days at sea an overwhelming storm came up, when the ships were off St. Peter's Isle, and some of the vessels went down with all on board. Pope Gregory IX, erected there a church in memory of the shipwrecked children, many of whose bodies were cast up on the shore.

The Composer divides the story into four parts:

PART I.—THE FORTHSETTING, picturing the Celestial Summons, the enthusiastic response of the children and the vain pleading of the parents.

PART II.—THE HIGHWAY, describing the children's journey toward Genoa.

PART III.—THE SEA, depicting the scenes and incidents on the arrival of the children at the Mediterranean.

PART IV.—THE SAVIOUR IN THE STORM, portraying the storm and the shipwreck, the cries of the children, their prayers for help and Alain's heavenly vision of the Saviour.

PART I.

THE FORTHSETTING

A PUBLIC SQUARE IN A FLEMISH TOWN IN 1212.

NIGHT.

The FIRST PART opens with an ethereal prelude in the orchestra and repeated calls of the mystic voices, "Wake! Wake! Awake!" Among the children who respond are Alain, the blind boy, and his little sister Allys, who in response to his pleadings offers to take him to Jerusalem. The final ensemble chorus is of powerful effect, the voices of the fathers and mothers vainly pleading "Go not!" blending with the children's "Unto Jesus we go."

EIGHT WOMEN—Wake! wake! awake!
Set forth for Jerusalem
Where Jesus waits.

CHORUS—What is this marvel that is
brooding o'er the nations?
Is a miracle impending?
Through the night,
Through the shades of night,
Comes a voice.

Mysteriously yet plainly
Athwart the gloom of the darkness,
So clear,
Comes a wondrous voice from out the
gloom of the darkness.

EIGHT WOMEN—Wake! wake! awake!
Set forth for Jerusalem,
Where Jesus waits.

THE NARRATOR—Through all the folk
are rumours astir,

And women run about the streets
Uplifting their hands to the heavens.
Children, too, in their frenzy,
Batter the doors down,
Leave their parent's homes,
Escape from the arms of their mothers.
O Lord, is this the time appointed?
O Lord, is it a crusade that Thou com-
mandest?

EIGHT WOMEN—Wake! wake! awake!
Set forth for Jerusalem,
Where Jesus waits.

THE CHILDREN—O, hear ye not the
voices that call us?
Do ye not hear the pale voices?
Alain! Allys!
Do ye not hear heavenly voices?

THE NARRATOR—Ah! dear Lord,
Dost thou see these bands of little ones,
That answer to Thy call?

THE CHILDREN—O, hear ye not through
the night
The pale voices that are calling?

CHORUS OF MEN—Dear Lord, and can
it be
Thou bidst our children seek the Cross?

EIGHT WOMEN—Wake! wake! awake!
Set forth for Jerusalem,
Where Jesus waits.

ALAIN—O, hear ye not the voice?
Ah, where it calls, there fain would I
go.
O God, I was born sightless, sightless;
O God, Thou mad'st me blind and sight-
less,
Never yet have I known what the light
is.
Where is Jerusalem? O, dear Lord,
Lead me there, help me go.

ALLYS—'Tis Jesus calls us.
Jerusalem shines brightly through the
dark.

And I, thy little Allys,
I will find the way.
Alain, 'tis Jesus calls us; let me hold
thy hand.

ALAIN—Jerusalem is shining, gleaming
through the dark.
Ah! would I might be following those
voices that call us.
O Lord, be my guide, for I ne'er have
known what the light is.
Jerusalem is shining, gleaming through
the dark.

Then up, children all!
Up! since our knights have cast aside
their armour,
Our kings no longer rule, nay, nor reign!

THE CHILDREN—Then up! Jesus calls!
Up! since our knights have cast aside
their armour,
No king, no, nor man,
Dare go to battle for the faith,
Then up! Jesus calls! To Jerusalem!

ALLYS AND ALAIN—There in those fair
gardens
We'll pluck sweet flowers,
And many a cross we'll weave
Of green leaves and red roses,
For Jesus.
For, like the little swallows in autumn
That fly away homeward,
So must we seek the sun.
Let us seek the Holy City,
And Jesus!

THE CHILDREN—There in those fair
gardens
We'll pluck sweet flowers,
And many a cross we'll weave
Of green leaves and red roses,
For Jesus.
For, like the little swallows in autumn
That fly away homeward,
So must we seek the sun.
We must go to the sun,
We all shall gather flowers,
And green leaves and red roses,
For Jesus.

BASS CHORUS (*The Fathers*)—Alas!
foolish ones!
Where think ye now to fare,
When all is darkness?

THE CHILDREN; ALLYS, ALAIN—Jeru-
salem is shining,
Gleaming through the dark.

CHORUS OF MEN—Jerusalem lieth far
away o'er the sea.

THE CHILDREN; ALLYS, ALAIN—The sea
will divide itself.
The sea shall become dry land,
We shall walk between its waves;
Unto Jesus we go, unto Him, unto Him!
To reconquer the Holy City!

CHORUS OF MEN—Alas! Alas! foolish
ones! Go not.
Go not! foolish ones! Ye are mad!
Whither go ye into the darkness?

CHORUS OF WOMEN—But, children,
who will give you each day,
Your daily bread?

ALAIN—'Tis Jesus that will give us our
bread,
And we shall live even as the birds of
heaven,
For Jesus will provide us with fountains
of water,
And there in His gardens
Shall we gather fruits, Aye! and through
the night
We'll sleep out of doors on the hay,
While the moon so friendly o'er our
sleep will watch,
From up on high!

THE CHILDREN; ALAIN—For Jesus, He
will give us our bread,
And we shall live even as the birds of
heaven,
And through the night
We shall sleep in the loving embrace of
the moon.

CHORUS OF WOMEN—(*The Mothers*)—
Children dear, go not!

But stay here with your mothers.

Ah, can you forget

What we suffered when we bore you,
And all our cares since then?

Ah, can you forget

All that for you we have suffered?

Ah, no, my little child, dearest child

That I so softly used to rock to sleep
In thy cradle. Sweet my child!

SOPRANO SOLO—And at night I used
to wake,

Just to be sure thou didst breathe.

Thy body itself was once a part of mine.

Thou art my flesh and blood!

O thou, my child, my child.

Leave me not behind thee here in the
dark!

Thou art my very flesh and blood!

Leave me not! Leave me not!

Whom I for so long have borne in my
arms.

So much I've wept,

That mine eyes are red with weeping.

Do not leave me here alone.

My child, do not go!

Dearest child that I've lulled so oft.

Leave me not! Do not go!

Ah, ye children, think of us!

CHORUS OF WOMEN—I used to wake
but to be sure that thou didst breathe,
Wake at night to hear the sound of thy
breath.

Thou thy very self wert once a part of me!
Thou art thyself a part of me,

Thy flesh, my flesh,

Thy blood, my blood!

Child, O my child, leave me not behind
thee here in the night.

Do not leave me so! I fear to let thee
go!

Thou art my flesh and blood!

Whom I for so long have borne in my
arms.

Wilt thou force me to weep forever?

So much I've wept,

That mine eyes are red with weeping.

Ah! Sweet my child, do not leave me
here alone,

Leave me not behind thee here in the
dark,

Dear child; remember, ah! remember,

Dearest child that I've lulled so oft.

Leave me not! Do not go!

Ah! ye children, think of us!

EIGHT WOMEN—Depart for Jerusalem!
Set forth,
Jesus awaits!

ALAIN—Ah! Listen to the voice,
The pale voice from out the night.

EIGHT WOMEN—Set forth for Jerusalem.
Depart.

For Jesus waits!

ALAIN—Ah! To us he is calling!

ALLYS AND ALAIN—O come to Jerusa-
lem,

That shines so brightly through the
night.

There in those gardens fair

We'll pluck sweet flowers

For Jesus.

Let us go to the sun!

We all shall gather flowers,

And green leaves and red roses,

For Jesus.

THE CHILDREN—He calls! Away! Away!
There in those fair gardens

We'll pluck sweet flowers,

And many a cross we'll weave

Of green leaves and red roses,

For Jesus.

And, like the little swallows in autumn
That fly away homeward,

Let us go to the sun!

We all shall gather flowers,

And green leaves and red roses,

For Jesus.

CHORUS—O children, think of us!

Do not forsake us like this!

Forsake, ah! forsake us not!

Oh! stay with us! Ah! little ones!

Oh! dear children, go not!

Jerusalem lies far away,

Far beyond the confines of Ocean!

Oh! remain! Ah me! Do not forsake us!

O do not leave us! Stay with us,

Little children! Ah! go not!

CHORUS—Alas! foolish ones!
For your guide is a child and sightless!

THE CHILDREN; ALLYS, ALAIN.—What
if this world he sees not,

Jesus he can see, the Christ he sees!

The sea will divide itself,

The sea shall become dry land,

We shall walk between the waves!

Unto Jesus we go, unto Him!

To reconquer the Holy City

ALAIN—What if this world I see not,
Jesus I can see, the Christ I see!

CHORUS—Jerusalem lieth far away o'er
the sea.

O Lord, have pity! Alas! foolish ones!
O Lord have mercy, and keep them safe,
Pardon them, and keep them safe.
Go not, foolish ones! Mad are ye!

O God, keep them safe, pardon them
O God, keep them safe, pardon them, O
Lord.

CHORUS OF WOMEN—O Lord, protect, O
God, these innocents.

*A short intermission is necessary here on account of a change in the seating
of the children and chorus for Part II.*

PART II.

THE HIGHWAY

The orchestral introduction is of a pastoral character beautifully descriptive of the journey along the highway. It is a lovely morning in Spring, and the children gather flowers and weave them into "green and leafy crosses" singing meanwhile a quaint mediaeval hymn of striking rhythm, in five-four time. This is sung by four distinct choirs of children, one in the distance behind the stage, another in the far distance, and the two choirs on the stage; at first antiphonally, then together, and finally dying away in the distance.

Children three were we,
Who were going on our way.
And, as we went, lo!
We met with our blessed Lord, Jesus
Christ.

ALAIN—Allys, this hand of thine I hold
is all a-tremble;
Art thou not weary, my beloved?
Speak to me;
Thou, whose face I see not,
Must be as fair as are the lilies c . . . d.

THE CHILDREN—Children three, what
do ye here?
Be good to us O Saviour dear,
And let us pluck the flower, we pray,
That all Thy grief shall take away.

ALLYS—Hear them all singing!
They are thronging along,
They look like a swarm of bees, of white
bees.
Like pilgrims they go marching on,
And staves they bare of hazelwood,
And green and leafy crosses.

THE CHILDREN—And staves of hazel-
wood,
And green and leafy crosses.
Flowering crosses, living crosses,
Crosses green and leafy.
Be good to us, O Saviour dear!

ALLYS—Ah! how bright and fair this
year is the spring!
Ah! how fair!
For our Lord, He is here with us now:
Here in this hawthorn so red.

Behold the Lord, and in all things;
In the hum of wings,
And in the song of the crickets.

THE CHILDREN—Green crosses, white
crosses, and in flower.
Creature that flieth,
Cricket that chirpeth.
Be good to us, O Saviour dear!

ALAIN—Ah! how bright and fair this
year is the spring!
For our Lord is in all,
In the wind blowing by
That over my face doth fling thy golden
tresses.
Oh! shall we see our blessed Lord
Clothed in holy light?

THE CHILDREN—To Mount Olivet now
go ye,
And pluck the flower from off its tree.
Come, help us pluck the flower, we pray,
That all thy grief shall take away.

Green crosses, flowering crosses,
Lead us on, gladden our hearts.
Soon we shall come to the sea,
We shall see Jerusalem.
Children three were we,
Who were going on our way.
And, as we went, lo!
We met with our blessed Lord, Jesus
Christ.

Be good to us, O Saviour dear,
And let us pluck the flower, we pray
That all Thy grief shall take away.

ALAIN—O Lord! help me to bear this
my cross,
That I am blind.

ALLYS AND ALAIN—O Lord, suffer the
little children to come unto Thee.

THE CHILDREN—Children three were we,
Who were going on our way.

PART III.

THE SEA

Shore of the Mediterranean near Genoa, in the Gulf of Lyons.

An extremely beautiful and very poetical description is given to this scene by the composer. The children are filled with ecstasy at the sight of "the wide blue sea," and, awaiting some means of passage, play in the sand, bright with shells and star fish, which they fondly imagine to be "Stars of the sky that have been drowned in the sea." The children finally embark and as night comes on we hear the chorus of sailors and children softly singing:

"Sail we o'er the deep blue sea
Onward to the Holy City."

THE NARRATOR—The sea, at last the sea,
The mighty ocean, whose soft folds of
blue

Are edged above with white,
As wer't a heavenly garment!
Sky so deep, alive with thy stars,
Crystal waters clear, pure and holy!
Thou receiv'st that river divine,
Where Saint John did cleanse mankind
from evil.

In thee were reflected
The faces and the forms of the apostles.
O thou cradle of blue,
That dost not ebb nor flow,
Bear thou to their Lord
These children that stray!
To the Christ!

Bear the children on o'er thy blue waters,
Show them a face ever fair of heavenly
blue;

Thy voice to them the gentlest of
murmurs;
And wear thou for them thy rosiest
smile.

With children thou shouldst play,
Caress them with thy touch.
O thou cradle of blue, O sea,
Bear these children on to their Lord!

THE CHILDREN—The sea! The sea!

THE NARRATOR—Look! look! See these
blameless ones
All singing for joy by thy borders!
O thou cradle of blue, take these
children to thee!

THE CHILDREN—Noël! Oh! here we are
at last
At the wide blue sea! The sea!

ALLYS—The sea! Noël!
Here is the glorious ocean!
Noël the sea!

THE CHILDREN—Hark! the sea is
moaning,
Hark! the sea is murmuring.
Jerusalem lieth there at the end of this
lovely sea!
O hear how it laughs,
Hear how it is moaning.
Hark! the sea is murmuring.
Look how it laughs bright and blue!

ALLYS—Noël! The sea! Noël!
Jerusalem lieth there!
Noël! Noël!
Jerusalem lieth there
At the end of this lovely sea!

THE CHILDREN—The sea! Oh here we
are at last,
Here's the wide blue sea!
See there the lovely sea!
'Tis the wide blue sea!
Noël! Noël!
Jerusalem lieth there
At the end of this lovely sea!

ALAIN—Allys, I hear something great
complaining,
Hear it groan, hear it weeping.
Where are we now? Oh, where are we?

ALLYS—Alain, rejoice, dear!
There is nothing complaining
Or groaning or that weeps,
'Tis the mighty sea that chanteth for
joy,
And its foaming waves

Are murmuring and cooing like doves
together
And each one of its murmuring waves
sings

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Each of its foamy waves is singing
And is cooing for joy! Noël!
Jerusalem lieth there o'er the lovely sea!
Hallelujah!

ALAIN—O, beautiful water blue!
O, let me now but dip my hands
In waves that lap on Palestine's border!

CHORUS—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

ALLYS AND ALAIN—Blest waters, blue
sea,
Baptize us thou, be kindly thou,
Be kind to thy children twain.

CHORUS—Blest waters, blue sea,
Caress and baptize them,
These little children all.

THE CHILDREN—Blue sea, blest waters,
Baptize us all be kind to us,
Thy children all.

ALAIN—Noël! It is the glorious sea,
'Tis the wide blue sea.
It is the lovely sea,
'Tis the wide blue sea. Noël!

ALLYS—Noël! Thy foaming billows are
chanting for joy. Noël!

THE CHILDREN—Noël! Noël!

THE CHILDREN—ALLYS, ALAIN—
Hark! the sea is moaning,
Hark! the sea is murmuring.
Jerusalem lieth there
At the end of this quiet sea!

ALLYS—Oh hark, hear it laugh!
Its foaming waves are chanting for joy!

ALAIN—Hear, hear now 'tis murmuring,
Its foaming waves are chanting for joy!

THE CHILDREN—Hear, hear it laugh!
Hear how it laughs, the bright blue
ocean!

THE CHILDREN; ALLYS, ALAIN—Jerusa-
lem lieth there, Jerusalem lieth there!
Noël! Noël!

CHORUS OF MEN (SAILORS)—Ahoy!
sailor-lads, ahoy!

Here are the ships that by the town are
sent.

The town of Genoa!
The magistrates have ordered out these
ships

For Palestine land!
Come aboard! Ahoy! Come aboard!
Many a time for a distant shore
Have we chartered our courses,
Never yet have we had
Such a force of fair hair among the
canvas.

'Tis a flight of pretty little swallows,
A flight that's starting for the East.
Jesus, Jesus, guide Thou this passage of
swallows,
Guard them, safeguard this passage of
swallows.

Guide them to Thee,
Watch over Thy children.

THE CHILDREN—Look, look!
See the stars here on the seashore,
See the stars there in the sea!
Look, look! See, see!
See, they're all either violets or roses,
Are the stars of the sea!

CHORUS OF MEN (SAILORS)—In curious
creatures the sea doth abound,
With flowers of luminous tissues that
move.
But come, children, come aboard! All
aboard!

THE CHILDREN—A wonder!
They're the stars of the sky
That have been drowned in the sea.
A wonder! A wonder!

CHORUS OF MEN—Come! Come!

A SAILOR—Nay, the stars there in the
sea
Come from the Holy Land.
Lend an ear, young things,
And I'll tell you their story.
Upon that Christmas night,
When came to earth our blessed Lord,
(Lord of children is He)
On that same night was a star created:
'Twas great and blue.
Watch did it keep o'er Him in the
manger;
When He walked abroad that star
followed Him,
And the star did Jesus love.
But when evil men slew Him wickedly,
And when the blood of the Christ flowed
forth,
This bright blue star did turn red and
lurid,

There fell from it tears of blood.
The fire that it wept dropped like rain
from the sky,
And when our Lord was dead, then
died the star, as well;
And then fell the star in the sea, and
there was drowned.

THE CHILDREN—Noël! 'Tis for Jesus
that all the stars have been drowned,
And have perished in the sea!

ALLYS, ALAIN—Noël! Noël! 'Tis for
Jesus that all the stars have been
drowned,
And have perished in the sea!

THE NARRATOR—No, the stars they
have never perished,
But with Jesus they live above.
For see! As the twilight falls,
The sky doth turn roseate and turquoise,
And there the stars are a-shining,
All alive above us there!
'Tis Jesus that doth call, ever call them
to Him.

For Jesus said:
"I am the Life, the Resurrection from
the dead."

CHORUS OF MEN—Jesus said:
"I am the Life, the Resurrection from
the dead."

THE NARRATOR (WITH CHORUS)—Be-
hold! In the sky, there are on high in
the sky
The holy, glowing souls of stars are
shining!

CHORUS OF MEN—Ahoy! sailor-lads,
ahoy!
Come aboard now, it is time to sail!
Board the ships sent by the town of
Genoa!
(*The children embark; it grows dark.*)

CHORUS OF MEN—The evening falls o'er
the sea,
And there the crescent moon rises redly,
And she sails through the sky as were't
a ship of fire.
See, O see!
The wind of the evening is filling our
spreading canvas.
Sail we o'er the lovely sea,
Sail away, for the wind is fair!

ALLYS AND ALAIN (THE CHILDREN)—
Sailing, sailing o'er the peaceful sea,
Sail we to Jerusalem, sail on to the Holy
Land,
Onward o'er the lovely sea,
Onward to Jerusalem o'er the quiet sea,
That rocks us through the night.
Onward, sail on, sail on.

CHORUS OF MEN—Sail we o'er the lovely
sea
Sail we o'er the deep blue sea,
Sailing to the Holy Land and to Jeru-
salem,
Onward o'er the lovely sea,
Onward to the Holy City,
Onward o'er the sea
That rocks us through the night.
Sail on, onward, sail on, sail on.

PART IV. THE SAVIOUR IN THE STORM

The picture of the storm and shipwreck, as expressed by the or-
chestral introduction and the voices of men in the chorus of sailors, is one
of the most imposing numbers of the whole work, rising to a climax of
tremendous power in the "De profundis libera nos, Domine,"* of the
combined choirs of children and men. Little Alain, whose earthly eyes
were blind, is now vouchsafed a heavenly vision and turns to lead his
sister Allys to the "radiant brightness" where with glad some Alleluias
the little Crusaders are welcomed to their Celestial Home.

THE NARRATOR—The night has fallen
on the deep,
And the ship trembles here in the dark-
ness!
Hear how the wind-tauten'd cordage
is groaning
And complaining as in anguish!
Alas! the billows are rising,
And the ship sobs and sighs 'gainst the
waters!

Whirlwinds dark fill the air,
And whirlpools fierce churn the waters!

CHORUS OF MEN (SAILORS)—Whirl-
winds dark fill the air,
Whirlpools fierce churn the water!

CHORUS OF MEN (SAILORS)—Ho! Stand
by for the topsail!
Reef in the mainsail!

* From the deep deliver us, O Lord.

The hatch! close the hatch!
Hurry to shut the portholes!
That wave, the huge one, O! 'twill fall
upon us!
Hold hard the tiller, hold hard!
For that awful wave is going to fall upon
us!

To brace the foremast, all hands!
Look alive! the mizzen is falling!
The tiller is gone!
Captain! Captain! Where is the Captain?
The mainmast's going! Ah!

THE CHILDREN (WITH CHORUS)—De
profundis libera nos, Domine.

ALLYS—Oh! Alain! Alain! Oh! speak
to me!
Alain, I have lost thee! Oh!
Spindrift blinds me! Alain!
How dark the night is!
Alain! Alain!

THE CHILDREN (WITH CHORUS)—De
profundis libera nos, Domine.

CHORUS OF MEN—Keep a hold of the
ropes all,
Hold ye fast to the handrail!
Lord, protect us now! Lord have mercy
on us!
De profundis libera nos, Domine.
O Lord God, save us now, protect us
now!
O Lord, save us now!

THE CHILDREN—O Herbert! O Dennis!
O Eleanor!
Do not leave me here!
O Bernard, O Herbert, O Eleanor!
Hold me close to thee.
De profundis libera nos, Domine.
O Lord God, save us now, protect us
now!
O Lord, save us now!

ALLYS—Alain, I'm frightened! Oh!
where art thou?
Spindrift blinds me, I cannot see!
Art thou there? Alain!

ALAIN—Allys, hallelujah, hallelujah!
I see, I see such a radiance,
One glorious burst of brightness!
Noël! Noël! I see the Lord!

ALLYS—Oh!

THE CHILDREN (WITH CHORUS)—De
profundis libera nos, Domine.

ALLYS—Alain, Dost see the Lord?
Alain, where see'st the Lord?

ALAIN—Up there, on high. Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Our Lord is there, in that great radiant
brightness!
Noël! Noël! I see the Lord.

CHORUS OF MEN—Hallelujah!

THE CHILDREN—Noël!

THE NARRATOR—Eyes had they, as well,
yet they could not see!
This child, though blind,
Sees the Lord here in the darkness.
Happy he, though blind, that sees the
Lord in His glory!

THE CHILDREN (WITH CHORUS)—We
had eyes, as well, yet we could not see.
This child that's blind
Sees the Lord here in the darkness.
Happy he, though blind, that sees the
Lord in His glory!
Where Jesus reigns! Hallelujah!

ALAIN—Allys, my beloved! let me have
thy hand,
For now I am to lead thee, beloved!
See! look there, O look there into the
brightness!
Ah! See, there is the Lord!
Look ye all! O look ye at the radiant
brightness!
He is there, we shall go to him.
The Christ is there.
We're going to Him, to Jesus, to God.
Then on to Him! Hallelujah!

ALLYS—Take thou my hand, lead thou
me on
Toward the radiant brightness!
Ah! I see the Lord! Ah! I see
I see Jesus! Oh! my brother, lead me
on to Him,
He is there, we shall go to Him.
He is there, I can see, we're going to
Him,
To Jesus, to God. Then on to Him!
Hallelujah!

THE CHILDREN (WITH CHORUS)—Halle-
lujah! happy he, though blind,
That sees the Lord in His glory!
This child that's blind leads us on to
God.
The sightless child leads us on all in the
darkness.
Jesus is there, He is there, we shall go
to Him.

He is there, I see Him, we shall go to Him,
To Jesus, to God. Then on to Him!
Hallelujah!

BARITONE SOLO (THE VOICE FROM ON HIGH)—Suffer little children to come unto me.

EIGHT WOMEN—Children that were Christ's, now have risen again.

CHORUS OF WOMEN (CHORUS SERAPHICUS)—Ah, ye souls baptized anew in deepest waters.

Unto life everlasting born again, rejoice, rejoice!

And come, ye little ones, rejoice, live again.

And be full of joy, ye little ones;
O come, O come!

CHORUS—Hallelujah!

For all your sorrows on earth

Are turned to joy in Heaven!

All your sufferings upon earth be joy in Heaven!

Hallelujah!

Eyes but lately blind on earth,

Now are open for ever.

The eyes that on earth were blind,

Now are open for ever.

Your pain and sorrow on the earth

Be changed into joy in Heaven.

Resurrection! Resurrection!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

All things that blessed are and holy

Shall end in joy.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Oh joy of joys, holy joy, joy everlasting.

All things that blessed are and holy

Shall end in joy!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

THE CHILDREN—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

CHORUS—Ah! celestial flowering forth of terrestrial sorrows!

So in Heaven do blossom forth all terrestrial sorrows.

Flowering forth immortal of terrestrial sorrows!

Holy joy, joy of joys!

Celestial flowering forth of terrestrial sorrows!

End victorious of every trouble!

Joy of joys! Holy joy,

Joy of joys, joy everlasting,

Joy of joys, Hallelujah, Joy of joys!

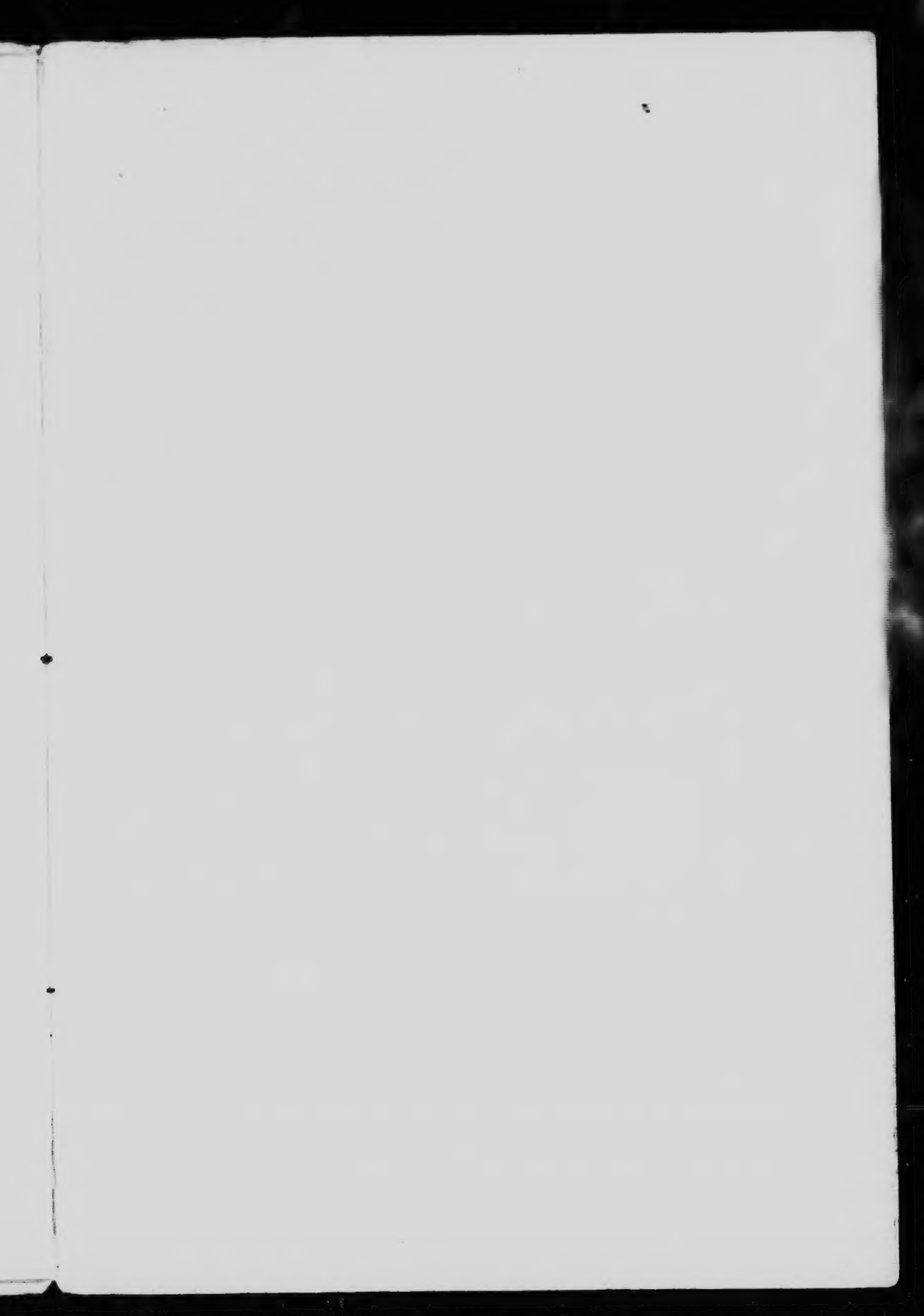
Joy of joys! Holy joy,

Joy of joys, joy everlasting,

Joy of joys! Hallelujah! Joy of joys!

The programme notes edited by
Mr. T. A. REED, Secretary to the Society.





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